THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS.

GOLDEN-ROD.

It stood, the blooming flowers among,
When spring's soft airs were whispering,
And all the woods were glad with song,
A poor, unsightly, weed-like thing.

The summer, with her languid sigh,
Stole on and warmed the unmoving air,
And—it the wild bee passed her by,
And still she grew neglected there.

All scattered lie the flowers of spring,
The summer's early boom is dead,
The song-birds have forgot to sing,
The thrush to other haunts is fled.

The mountain wears a misty crown,
The first red leaves are flitting by,
But to the fields is drifted down
A glory from the glowing sky.

A reflex of the ripened sun.
All spring and summer stored with care.
The patient plant-heart's work is done.
And now all nature owns her fair.

And from each dainty golden cup,
With amber nectar richly stored,
The Bacchant bees with rapture sup,
And hum love-ditties at her board.

Thus the slow-changing soul that keeps
Within her secret depths aglow,
And feels, as in long dreamful sleeps,
The germ immortal stir and grow—

The soul that feared itself so poor,
Half doubtful of its ripening—
When autumn's sun hath warmed its core
May bloom at last, a radiant thing.
—*Danske Dandridge, in Democrat's Monthly.*

PLANCHETTE.

The Message Which Cured Our Aunt of a Dreadful Malady.

Other people have different similes for obstinacy, but in our family we always said: "As obstinate as Aunt Eliza." Let an idea, no matter how preposterous, once get a good foothold in my aunt's brain, and there was an end of the matter: argument, entreaty, opposition, ridicule—each one made a worse failure than the other. Yet my aunt Eliza was the kindest, best-tempered soul living. It was she to whom every one always ran in case of sudden trouble or sickness. The sight of her comely and ample person, and handsome, fresh-tinted face, the cheerfulness of which her widow's cap softened and dignified, but could not shadow, was better than medicine to the patient. The poor blessed her in a dozen languages. And the departing clergyman regularly commended her to his successor as a pillar of the temple. Aunt Eliza being thus obstinate and lovable, we, her own kindred, took care not to run our heads against her whims. Therefore, five years ago, when she fished a belated planchette out of some rubbish in the garret, and took to consulting the little wheeled monster's scrawls, we merely looked on in respectful neutrality. When she and her circle of wonder-workers made the scrawls into communications from her late husband, my uncle Eldred, we discussed Aunt Eliza's new freak dubiously among ourselves, but in the presence we were silent. We even tried to keep Basil Ferris quiet, because he was in love with Aunt Eliza's only child, Lyde, and we wished him well, he being a capitalist fellow, of good family, who had inherited one of the largest foundries on the Ohio River.

"Give her her head, Basil, and she'll come out all right," counseled my father, who came from Kentucky, and carried his fondness for horses into his metaphors.

"It's just because she's so lonesome and misses Brother Eldred," my mother pleaded.

Tim and I, both youngsters then, thought Planchette great fun, and, to our own proper shame be it spoken, were not above getting Uncle Eldred to advise birthday treats and circuses with reckless liberality.

But Basil would not be checked. He derided Planchette openly, told Aunt Eliza that she was being swindled, and called Uncle Eldred's messages "twaddle." That put the cap-sheaf on his iniquities. An insult to herself, my aunt said, she might have pardoned, but one to her dead husband—*never!* She informed Basil that the engagement was over, and told Lyde that if she married that "sacrilegious young man," she (Aunt Eliza) would die of a broken heart, and move out of town and never see her again. Lyde was a slimmer and younger copy of her mother, without the obstinacy; therefore the sweetest girl in the world. She was devoted to her mother, and she besought Ferris to be patient. He was patient at first, but as time went by relentlessly, and the day that was to have been his wedding day drew near, without the least abatement of my aunt's rancor, he began to feel the bitterness of his fate. Then something happened awful enough to scare away even a lover's impatience. It happened in this wise. We live in a little Ohio town in the iron country; the town is hardly more than a cluster of foundries and their dependencies, the tenement cabins of the negroes and the operatives, the pretty cottages of the better class of workmen, the manufacturers' villas and square, spacious, piazza-surrounded houses built in the Southern fashion, and the shops which supply such a populace. All day the sky is smirched by the heavy black smoke, all night it is painted by the flames that pour out of the huge chimneys. The place is so far south that summer lingers long and flowers thrive in the dingy air. My aunt, who had traveled, used to say that there are no lovelier roses in Florence than ours. Of all our roses the most beautiful grew in Pirate Haines' garden.

Pirate Haines was so called on account of a grim legend current in the town, which was rendered the more credible by his morose temper and mysterious wealth. He lived all alone in a big ugly brick house on a high bank overlooking the river. The piazza, which was as large as a ship's deck, was decorated in a grotesque and sinister manner by two carronades. A negro man and his wife lived in a cottage on the grounds, and served the pirate, and there was a savage dog to guard the garden. Why the pirate cared for roses I can't say, but there was a wonderful quantity of them. Certainly it was not to give pleasure to his townspeople, since he had bought a vacant field lying between his garden and the streets—a field traversed by a foot-path from time immemorial—and he guarded foot-path and field with his dog. Now my aunt had a peculiar fondness for roses, and she had heard of a certain new variety possessed by the pirate, and flourishing this year in a luxuriance exasperating to all other rose cultivators. "I don't believe they are so fine," said my aunt Eliza one day; "I've a mind to go in and see." We were close by the field—we three, Aunt Eliza, Lyde, and I. Aunt Eliza insisted that Snap, the dog, was dead, and no new dog had come. Lyde was afraid. I happened to have my first revolver, a secret treasure, which I was carrying to show the boys, so I said valiantly that I was not afraid of any dog. We entered the field, I strutting ahead, with my fingers griping the handle of my weapon. We examined the roses without misadventure (my aunt said their merits had been much exaggerated) and turned to go home. Half-way an ominous sound smote on our ears—a loud, deep growl.

"Oh, Rem, it's the new dog!" gasped Lyde. "Fly for the fence, ma!"

"Never you mind, Aunt Eliza," said I, though my legs were shaking; "I'll protect you." Out came the revolver, and faced the dog. He was a great yellow and brown beast, big as a lion, I thought, quaking, and with a horrible mouthful of gleaming white teeth. He dashed straight after the women. Too excited to take aim, I fired twice. I don't suppose that I came within a yard of him. The panting creature, with his eyes of fire, bounded past, and the next second I heard a bark and a crash. Lyde had dragged Aunt Eliza to the fence, which they both had mounted. The fence was frail and Aunt Eliza was stout; hence, when the crash came, all that I could see was a cloud of dust through which twinkled Cousin Lyde's red stockings, my Aunt Eliza's black stockings, and the yellow dog's four legs in the air. A second later, abreast of the catastrophe, I had a vision of two gowns tumbled together on the grass, and the yellow dog before me. Then it was that I fired again. Probably the beast himself was not more astounded than I, when he leaped high in the air, rolled over, and was dead. Half frightened at my own victory, I approached him, lying in the little puff of dust made by his fall. He lay on his side; flakes of foam dribbled from his dreadful jaws, his tongue protruded, his dead eyes glared. It seemed to me that I had made a discovery; but I should not have blurted it out so quickly had I not a distinct picture in my mind of the creature leaping over the two women.

"I've killed him," I shouted. "I guess he's mad."

My aunt turned white. "Oh, laws!" she screamed, holding out her arm; "he bit me, Lyde, I'm a dead woman."

There was a jagged tear in the silk and crape of her sleeve; beneath was the merest puncture of the skin.

"Nonsense, ma," said Lyde, briskly (but I noticed that she was paler than Aunt Eliza); "it's only a scratch. Get a stick, Rem, and twist this handkerchief tight above the place. That's a tourniquet. You showed me yourself, ma. Now we'll get it cauterized, and then you are perfectly safe."

"Luckily Arp's tiny "pharmacy" was so near that in ten minutes we had Aunt Eliza in a close carriage with a bandaged arm.

Arp advised whisky. "But as for your making your own mother drunk on whisky, Eliza Prescott," said my aunt, "I won't have it. It's disgraceful. No, if I must be intoxicated, I will take brandied peaches and champagne. Your pa always said there was nothing like a mixture of liquors. Besides, I know it won't do any good: I always had a strong head. I remember when your pa and I climbed to the top of Milan Cathedral I wasn't a mite dizzy." When the doctor arrived he found my aunt solemnly devouring brandied peaches, while Lyde cried quietly in the corner, and I kept Aunt Eliza company with the peaches. The first question he asked was how we knew that the dog was mad; and he didn't seem particularly impressed by my reasons.

"I reckon the dog was mad at *you*," said he, dryly, "and that's all the mad about him; but you did just right, Miss Lyde; and you keep quiet for a few days, Mrs. Prescott, and you'll not have any more inconvenience."

There was a levity about this way of treating the matter which did not please Aunt Eliza. She answered very stiffly. "The dog *was* mad, doctor, I know very well. He was the perfect image of a mad dog I saw once myself, just the same size and color, and his tongue stuck out the same way. I know my own danger perfectly, and you needn't try to deceive me; my only chance was to get drunk, and I'm not getting drunk a mite. Doctor, I wish you'd send a book on hydrophobia to me, and ask Mr. Ray to step in this evening; I want to alter my will a little, and I ought to be perfectly rational. Lyde, pass the champagne. Take a glass yourself, doctor, do."

I saw the doctor's brows contract; he had known my aunt ever since their school-days in Kentucky; he was aware how obstinate she could be; but he spoke cheerfully. "Now don't you go to imagining things, Mrs. Prescott, you're all right. And don't see anybody but your sister and her family, and keep quiet."

Very little good the last injunction did, though, since I counted fifteen women going into the house next day. My Aunt Eliza said that she *must* see her friends. Precious comforters they were, too. They described the symptoms of hydrophobia to the very last horror. It was amazing how many of them had relatives or friends, or friends of their friends, who had died of the disease in awful agonies, which they described minutely. The few who had no personal experience had read newspaper stories to such good purpose that they were rather more successful in a ghastly way than the others. Worse of all, old Pirate Haines (out of sheer cruelty and malice, I do believe) shook his head and said that the dog had been acting very queerly of late.

"I don't want no pay for that dog," said the old reprobate.

"Why the devil didn't you kill the brute then?" shouted my father.

"I don't say he's mad," the pirate replied. "I don't know's he is; I don't know's he *ain't*. I jest chained him up to see, an' he broke the chain."

The whole town's sympathy went to Aunt Eliza, and, naturally enough, the town's indignation (a sort of twin brother of sympathy), hunting about for some one to blame, fell equally on the pirate and me.

Most people thought that I ought not to have killed the dog. Mad dogs should not be killed, but captured alive, and kept in safe confinement until the doctors can determine whether or not the animal is rabid.

They talked as though catching mad dogs alive was the easiest thing on earth. My father did not object to my shooting the dog, but told me that I was "a fool to scare the women." My mother declared that it all came from that wicked practice of boys carrying revolvers. What did I want with a revolver, anyhow? And she promptly confiscated my cherished weapon. Tim really was sorry for me, but he thought that I ought to have lassoed the dog, just as we saw the cowboys doing with the buffalo in the "Wild West." *He* would have done that way himself; he always carried a rope in his pocket. I was too dejected to remind him that, in spite of shying his lasso at every brute within reach, he had never succeeded in noosing anything but an old blind horse, which ran away with the rope.

I was miserable enough those days; indeed, so were we all, since Aunt Eliza's case had become serious. Any straw hopes we might have had of moving her, Planchette extinguished directly.

"No, Remington," she said, solemnly, to my father; "I know better. I've been warned from on high. That fatal day I consulted Planchette about sending some things to Sister Kate in Lexington. I thought the message read: 'Take a quiet drayman.' You know the writing is a little indistinct. But when I got home I looked at it again, and there it was, plain as day, 'You are in great danger.' Since then Eldred himself has told me that I'm doomed. Everything is arranged about my worldly affairs. I've sent word to Sister Kate when the funeral is likely to be, so she can come over; and I've engaged Hatchett for the undertaker—Pierce sniffles and hems so it would disturb me in my coffin. I know. And I've bought some stout canvas to bind me—"

"Oh, Lord bless the woman!" father burst out, in a fury between rage and grief. "Eliza, you're just imagining yourself mad."

"Indeed I'm not, Remington Prescott. I read the whole of 'Youact on the Dog.' You are right cruel to talk so to a dying woman."

"You're not a dying woman."

"I am, too," said my aunt Eliza.

Actually, both growing warm, they nearly had a quarrel on the spot.

Lyde begged us in future not to argue with her mother. "You know how firm ma is," said Lyde. "Firm" struck me as a filial word. By this time the doctor was at his wits' end. Promptly upon the ninth day Aunt Eliza was seized with a shivering fit, and took to a darkened room and sniffing chloroform. Symptoms described by sympathizing friends appeared in force. "See, now," said the doctor, with a groan, "I *know* she hasn't anything but lyssophobia; that's a sort of spurious rabies, you understand—just imaginary. I've watched her, and she hasn't any hyperæsthesia to speak of, and there isn't the extraordinary reflex sensibility of the real rabies. No, sir. But she'll kill herself just the same. Why, sir, there are cases where men have gone raving mad and died from the bite of a dog found afterward in perfect health. It is awful about Mrs. Prescott. She has ordered a muzzle, as sure as you live. I tell you, sir, when I heard about that I felt like crying."

"It makes *me* feel like swearing," growled my father. "Ferris, what do you say?"

Basil was in New York at the time of the accident. As soon as he heard about it he came home; he had only been home a day. "I think, said Basil, "that I'll take a walk with Rem over to the scene."

He was very kind and forbearing with me, saying: "You acted for the best, Rem, and if the dog had been mad, the sooner they knew it the better; time's money with mad-dog bites." That was the way Lyde had talked, too, but, of course, I thought a great deal more of it coming from Basil, Lyde being only a girl. He looked very tall and handsome and determined as he strode along. I admired him immensely, and a gleam of hope lightened my heart; perhaps he might think of something. It did not take long to conduct him to the pirate's field. There was the fence, not yet mended, the broken rails and trampled grass. Basil examined everything with frowning attention. Finally he called me to him and showed me a shred of something black fluttering from a projecting nail.

"Do you see that?" said he, pulling it away.

I saw that it was a piece of black silk, with a bit of crape on the edge. "I think it's a piece of Aunt Eliza's dress," I said; "she must have caught it when she fell. She had on a black silk dress."

"Is that all you see," said Basil. "Do you see that button? Well, I've seen the dress. This scrap didn't come from the skirt: there are no buttons on the skirt; it must have come from the waist somewhere. The position of the button shows it did not come from the front of the waist; it is just tacked on to the crape in the middle. It must have come from the sleeve a little above the wrist, because—"

I interrupted him, crying: "I see what you're driving at. That's just where Aunt Eliza was bitten—"

"Where she wasn't bitten, you mean," said Basil. "This confounded nail has made all the mischief."

"Oh, ain't it a joke on Aunt Eliza, though?" said I, and in the relief and the revulsion of feeling I began to laugh. "Hurrah! Aunt Eliza won't die; and she'll let you marry Lyde, 'cause you found it out."

But Basil remained as unsmiling as the fence rails. "It would be all very well, that, with most people," said he, quietly, "but don't you know that when Mrs. Prescott takes a notion into her head, all the logic in the world won't change her? She is determined that she has hydrophobia, and that devilish planchette has so turned her head that she won't listen to any sense. The doctor told her that he was sure that the dog wasn't mad, but it didn't affect her a particle. She said maybe he hadn't gone mad enough yet for his brain to show it, but he had gone mad enough to give the disease to other people, and she had it. She would say a piece of the sleeve had *blown* on to the nail, if *we* tried to reason with her. No, Rem; I tell you we shall have to try another dodge. You'll help me, won't you? And I know you know how to write with planchette."

"Rather," said I, grinning, for I saw that he was in the secret of those hints of Uncle Eldred's regarding the circus and like follies.

I went home with Basil, and spent the afternoon in his room. When I returned to our house in the evening, Basil went in and saw mother. She came out to me flushed and excited, and kissed me tenderly, saying:

"Do you think you can do it, Rem? Oh, be careful, my boy."

"I'll try, ma," I answered, feeling rather shaky and solemn. Then a great basin of beef tea was given to me as a pretext for going, and I was sent over to Aunt Eliza's. She did not see general visitors now, but I had always been a favorite, and Lyde took me into her mother's room. It was so dimly lighted that I could only distinguish the outlines of the bed and a table near it on which were sheets of paper and a planchette. Aunt Eliza lay on the bed, looking very much as usual; but poor Lyde, who stood beside her, had cried herself to a shadow.

"Is it you, Rem?" said Aunt Eliza, in her old, kind voice, which made a lump come into my throat. "I'm glad you've come. I have wondered why you didn't come sometimes. I wanted to see you again. And I'm feeling very comfortable this evening, tell your ma. To-morrow's your birthday, isn't it? I had Aunt Susannah bake a pound-cake for you. And here's a little box with something in it for to-morrow. I just got it ready. You needn't be afraid, dearie. I won't hurt you now."

"Oh, I aint afraid," I stuttered, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. I took the box and went back to Lyde. She touched my hand a second. As she did so she slipped the end of a horse-hair into my palm. The other end I knew was on the planchette. I stood a little distance from the table, with my hands behind me.

Lyde went to the other side of the bed. All at once she uttered a loud exclamation: "Ma, do look! What's the matter with Planchette?"

Up and down the table careened the instrument of mystery. It must be confessed that its movements were awkward, but then in a single afternoon one can not learn all the possibilities of a horse-hair motor.

Aunt Eliza was not critical; the weird gyrations impressed her instantly. "Give it to me," she said, "it wants to write."

But Planchette declined flatly to write, bobbing out of her reach the instant she rested her fingers on the board.

"Let me try," said Lyde. Whereupon Planchette vaulted clean off the table and fell at my feet.

"It's Rem," said my aunt, solemnly. "I always said that it wrote better for him and Tim than for anybody else. There wasn't the least difficulty in reading their messages. Don't you remember how plain that one about the circus was? Try it, Rem."

I put the thing on the table. It was quiet enough now (good reason why). I laid my hands on it with the queerest feeling of the mingling of comedy and tragedy in the scene. "It's writing," I announced presently; "you'll have to open the blinds to read, though. As Lyde opened the blind of the window behind the bed, I could see Basil Ferris pacing his fast bays in his beach wagon up and down the street.

This is the message which Planchette wrote and Lyde read out loud:

DEAR ELIZA:—I am your brother Dan. Eldred can't come. He didn't write the messages which you have had. You have been deceived by false spirits. You have not got hydrophobia, not a bit of it. The dog did not bite you. You tore your arm on the nail in the fence. There is a piece of the dress on the nail now. Go and see. Brace up! you won't die."

Lyde's voice trembled so that she hardly could pronounce the words, and Aunt Eliza sat up in bed clutching the coverlet, her face paler than it was the day that she told me she was bitten.

"Fetch me the dress waist," she gasped—"the one I had on—you know."

"It's right in the closet, ma," said Lyde.

When it was brought my aunt looked at the rent in the sleeve carefully before she turned to me and said: "I'm very much obliged, brother Dan. I'll go. Is there anything more?"

I kept my finger tips on the planchette board for full five minutes, but it was quite motionless.

Aunt Eliza drew a long sigh. "Well, Dan, tell Eldred I thank him. He always was right. Remington, run out, honey. You look as white as a sheet. Tell Aunt Susannah to give you a glass of wine. And, Lyde, help me get up and dress myself; I'm going to look at that fence."

I was not particularly surprised a little later, as we all three sallied into the street to see Basil's bays trotting toward the reddening west where the sun was setting."

"Oh, ma," said Lyde, "there's Mr. Ferris. If—if—"

"Basil—Basil Ferris!" called my aunt Eliza: "stop and take us in! Of course I'm not angry with him *now*, Lyde," she explained, while Basil eagerly approached us. "I was angry at his calling your pa's messages twaddle; but if they weren't your pa's I think as likely as not they *were* twaddle. Thank you, Basil. Will you forgive an obstinate old woman who wants to be your mother-in-law?"

Basil caught his breath, and then—well, he just caught Aunt Eliza in his arms and kissed her.

He drove us to the field, and Aunt Eliza saw for herself the silk and crape on the nail. A small boy near walked away at our approach. That small boy, as I have learned since, had been on guard over the nail ever since Basil and I left it. Aunt Eliza was perfectly calm. She admitted at once that she had deceived herself, and going home talked of nothing but the details of Lyde's wedding, which she wished to prepare for at once; but when she was back home she sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"Oh, Lyde," she sobbed, "I'm glad to live, and I don't want to go crazy and bite people; but it *is* hard to think that it wasn't your pa writing to me all the time. I don't see how they can *let* the bad spirits perform so."

After this my aunt recovered speedily, nor has she ever had any return of her disorder. But it was not until very lately that Mrs. eFrris ventured to confess the truth about Planchette's prescription. One little part of the story I am sure that she never will tell her mother. Basil told it to me yesterday. I had praised the ingenuity of his treatment.

"But it was mighty lucky," I added, "that the silk happened to catch on the nail, and stay there."

"Well, as to that," said Basil. "I put that bit of silk there myself just before I took you over. Lyde tore it out of the sleeve for me."

"But how, then, did you know that she tore her arm on the nail—that the dog didn't bite her?"

"Oh, I didn't know," replied Ferris; "I don't know now."—*Octave Thanet, in Harper's Weekly.*

DARK ROOMS.

Their Unhealthfulness and the Value of Light as a Remedial Agent.

The relics of a darker age, even, seem to crop out in some communities, but few are more conspicuous than that of darkening rooms simply because some one is sick, supposing this to be a remedial measure. In certain forms of disease, as the measles, for example, in which the light seems unpleasant to the eyes, there may be some reason for excluding the bright light, yet its necessity, even in this case, is not admitted, since it is possible to exclude the light from the eyes by bandaging them. Indeed, a wet cloth, several thicknesses, will exclude the light, as much as may be necessary, at the same time reducing the local heat, promoting the comfort of the patient.

As de from this one idea of avoiding the local pain in the eyes, from bright light, I am able to see no valid reason for the exclusion of the light. On the contrary, there are many reasons in favor of a plentiful supply of solar light. Such light is cheering, favoring hope, vivacity, both directly and indirectly invigorating. In most forms of sickness there is a tendency toward despondency and discouragement. While the mind exerts a potent influence over the body, often exerting a greater influence than medicine—as we are assured in the Scriptures—the gloom of a dark room, with the "long faces" and disheartening words of attendants, excluding hope from the bosom of the patient, must depress, diminishing the chances of recovery.

We shall see that this is a matter of great importance when we remember that the will-power is a very important element in the cure of disease, the faithless, those impressed with the idea that recovery is impossible, seldom recovering; while those absolutely determined to live, who are hopeful, not believing their case at all dangerous, surprise their friends by a prompt recovery. Again, light is a purifier of the air, which purification is more in demand in the sick-room than elsewhere. Indeed, light and air are the two most important remedial agents furnished by nature, without which it is impossible long to survive. Since disease is but an effort of nature to throw off the diseasing causes and tendencies, the effete matters passing off freely through the pores and from the lungs to a far greater extent than is usually supposed, it is a matter of vital importance to admit the light, that the poisonous exhalations may be allowed to escape, scattered by the direct influences of the rays of the sun. It is well to have the patient, as far as is possible, in the direct rays of the sun, while the clothes and bedding should be freely exposed to the light and air, once in six hours, in case of especial malignity of the disease. In this way the germs of disease are scattered, this light doing more thorough work than can be done in washing, during the same time. Indeed, such light influences will readily dispense with one-half of the ordinary washing.

It is proper here to add that there is often a fear in reference to the changing of the bedding and clothing of the sick. This is very absurd, the fear relating, more generally than otherwise, to the danger of "taking cold." In acute forms of disease, the danger is very slight, if, indeed, it is possible, in a high fever, or acute inflammation. In such cases, if compelled to elect between the two, I would prefer light, air and good nursing, with no medicine, to good medical treatment, deprived of these useful aids, though it is not needful to dispense with either. The great demand of the age is more sunlight, pure air, cleanliness, more intellectual light and more moral purity —*Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

The Latest in Bogus Butter.

"The latest novelty in the manufacture of bogus butter," said Assistant Commissioner Van Valkenburg, "is the use of gelatine. The makers of oleomargarine first began with clean beef fat, then used common dirty fat, and have now come down to pork grease. This is not, however, cheap enough, and they have been extending it with cotton-seed oil, sesame oil, and other substances. Hardness is given by stearine. They have just struck upon gelatine, which is made of the hoofs of neat cattle and horses. Of itself it costs as much as the other things, but it possesses an unequalled power to absorb water, which costs nothing, and two or three pounds of gelatine to the keg reduces the expense of making the whole mixture to five or six cents a pound."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Watering milk in Florida is punishable by imprisonment for ten years —*Chicago Times.*

GENERAL.

—The Cherokee Nation has no laws for the collection of debts.

—Scientific inquiry is being made into the medical virtues of dogs' tongues.

—A Bridgeport (Conn.) woman committed suicide because of the noise made by her neighbor's children.

—The United States and Territories, if as densely populated as Saxony, would have a population equal to the present of the world.

—"It takes a superior woman to be an old maid," says Miss Sedgwick, which is equal to saying that women prefer to be inferior.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Eighty years was the age of an inhabitant of Youngstown, O., who recently married a sixteen-year-old girl, three weeks after his wife's death.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Such great manufacturers as Krupp, Whitworth, Armstrong and Hotchkiss have to send to America for all their screw-bar wrenches. About eighty thousand dozen are exported to Europe annually.—*Chicago Times.*

—A genuine Stradivarius violin was recently sold in Germany for $5,000. The Emperor bought one of these instruments some years ago for $1,700, and gave it to one of his chamber musicians to play on.—*Felix Meyer.*

—Owing to the frequency of fatal mistakes through the great similarity in appearance of morphine and quinine, a physician urges the plan of coloring morphine red and enacting a law prohibiting the sale of white morphine.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A society lady at Newport says she can gather at any time a hundred young, handsome and rich women as guests: but to find half a dozen young men who are not spoiled with admiration, selfish and egotistic, would exceed her ability.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A monument is to be erected at Thornton's Ferry, N. H., to the memory of Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The State Legislature has authorized the Governor and Council to expend $1,000 for that purpose.

—A $400 madstone brought from Ireland to New York, has been in the possession of the Piles family, of Sullivan County, for 200 years. It is gray in color, is full of pores, and seems to be as light as so much paper. One thousand persons have used it, and its present value is $400.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The latest device by which people in Pittsburgh are swindled is by the sale of English sparrows dyed to represent canaries. Of course, the only persons deceived are those who know little of birds. About a thousand birds were sold in Pittsburgh during the summer that lost their color in ten days.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A good deal of horror has justly been lately expressed touching the atrocities perpetrated by the King of Dahomey. Still, it may not be generally known that we have cannibalism nearer home. In Brazil there are no fewer than six cannibal tribes, whose custom it is for mothers to eat their dead children, pounding up the bones into maize, the mourning lasting until all is consumed.—*Christian at Work.*

—Milo Collins, the half-breed Indian who placed $14,000 in one of our banks this week started in the business of stock raising with two or three head of cattle a few years ago. Yearly he has disposed of a portion of his increase, and recently sold his herd for $22,000. This shows the possibilities of stock raising. Milo is married to a deaf woman of the Crow tribe, and takes life very easy, surrounded by his horses, cows and offspring.—*Bozeman (Montana) Chronicle.*

—A young lady died in the Roosevelt (New York) hospital last May shortly after undergoing a surgical operation for the removal of a sarcoma, a species of tumor of the malignant type from her face. She was engaged at the time to be married to a New York police captain's son. Recently the latter had also a sarcoma removed from his face, and the cases are regarded as unusually interesting, since, if there is anything more than a remarkable coincidence in them, it is that a tumor can be contracted by contagion or sympathy.—*Buffalo Express.*

—William Unangst has an odd name, and on a recent evening there was revealed at his house up in Berks an odd scene. No less than thirteen spinning wheels, so placed that they formed a circle, were handled by thirteen fair flax spinners, and the flax that they spun was twenty years old. A flush came into the cheeks of a wrinkled granddame as she looked on from the center of the circle, for it "minded" her, she said, of days lang syne. All went as merry as a marriage bell, nor is it amiss to add that the Penelopes who took part did full and fair justice to the feast that followed. —*Philadelphia Press.*

—An amusing sight greeted the guests of a New York "turtle club" as they filed into the banquet hall the other day. A large turtle reclined at ease on its back on a bed at the middle of a long table. A pillow of down supported its head, and the bedclothing had been carefully tucked around it. Over its head a rubber hose was suspended, and a stream of water passing through a gardener's sprinkler kept the shellfish in a contented state of mind. A wreath of myrtle surrounded its head. Over the head of the bed was the legend:

With the olive and the myrtle
Do we crown the gentle turtle;
Give us credit for our kindness, Mr. Bergh.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A Viennese paper contains an advertisement which runs as follows: "My name is Frederick. I am as poor as I am ugly, and if anything can exceed my stupidity it is my disagreeable character. In spite of these disadvantages I aspire to marry. Is there any lady who will have me?" This is not a very inviting program, but the gentleman has had many letters of inquiry. Women have an instinctive insight into human nature, and probably feel that the advertiser can not be as stupid as he declares himself, and may have better qualities than he pretends. At most he requires some kind individual to console him for his deficiencies, and old maids as a rule are self-sacrificing creatures.—*N. Y. Sun.*